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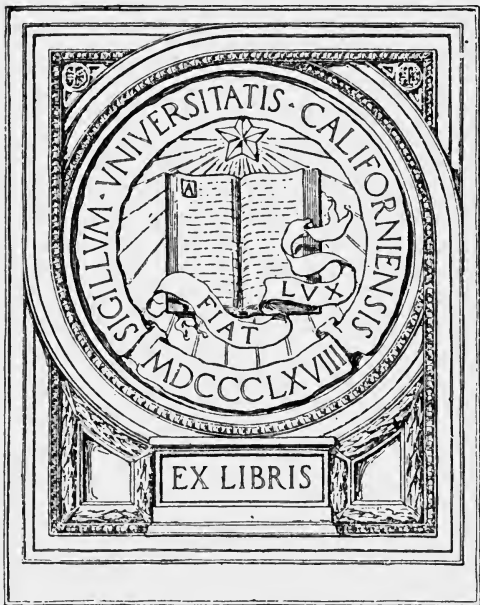
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*A Harp with
thousand Strings*

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Elizabeth M. Johnson

A Harp with a Thousand Strings



ELIZABETH MOUNTCASTLE
JOHNSON

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ELIZABETH MOUNTCASTLE JOHNSON

TO THE
ALBANY

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1922

MAN

Dedicated to
MILDRED CATHERINE JOHNSON

475846



To Mildred

When I was so ill
With the fever and pain,
A dear little girl
Came again and again,
With arms full of posies,
Of violets blue, and lilies and roses.

The days never grew
So dark nor so drear,
But sure she would come
With a bright smile to cheer—
With arms full of posies,
Of violets blue, and lilies and roses.

So this little book
To her I bestow,—
"To Mildred," the dear little girl
Who with face all aglow,
Came with arms full of posies,
Of violets blue, and lilies and roses.

A Harp with a Thousand Strings

With walls made of jasper
And gates made of pearls,
Somewhere stands a city
With streets of pure gold—
And Peter stands waiting
To answer your call,
Now this is the story
For years has been told;
The rivers of crystal
Flow thru this fair land,
And around a great throne
The bright angels stand,
With nothing to do
But to shout and to sing,
And play on a harp
With thousands of strings.

A judge in his greatness
Sits near, on a throne,
The bad ones condemning,
The good ones condone:
"Depart from me here
To a consuming fire
Ere my anger and wrath
And my vengeance rise higher.
Before the beginning
Was a place made for you,
While your life was not bad
You at times were untrue.
No place here for thee
Just to shout and to sing,
And play on my harps
With thousands of strings."

When lo! Thru the gate
A great throng then came in,
To be judged for their deeds
(’Twas the body that sinned.)
And that has returned
To the dust whence it came,
So why judge a soul
That has been born again?
There are friends that you loved
Perhaps father or son,
Ah! Hear how this judge
Is condemning each one.
He does not tell them
Just to shout and to sing,
And play on a harp
With a thousand strings.

Yes, wait, there is one
In this great earthly throng,
Who at the last moment
Repents of his wrongs.
As a dear little lamb
He’s permitted to stay,
While the girl he destroyed
Has been driven away.
She was called unexpected
This old world to leave,
No time was she given
To say “I believe.”
But the man is permitted
To shout and to sing,
And play on a harp
With a thousand strings.

What joy up in Heaven
Do you think we'd find,
If this little girl
Should be yours or be mine?
Does God love them less
Than a mother can love?
Can you think He made hell
And looks down from above,
As the fumes that ascend
From this pit where they go,
To His nostrils like incense
Come up from below,
And those near the throne
Still shouting they sing,
And play on a harp
With a thousand strings.

It may be a blessing
To reach Heaven's band,
And rest from the cares
That we leave in this land.
But the poor selfish hearts
Who'll be happy and gay,
When most of humanity
Is lost on the way,
Need never to fear
For their creed puts them there,
Locked in from the lost
In that land bright and fair,
There they rest by the stream
There they shout and they sing,
And play on a harp
With a thousand strings.

Oh! God just one prayer
That I send up to Thee,
To your city of jasper and gold,
Don't lock me within
These, Your bright pearly gates,
If behind me I leave
Just one poor lonely soul.
It could not be Heaven
Without my dear ones,
Nor to know of the loss of one soul.
I shall want for each mother
To know that her son,
Is safely within the great fold.
And not even then
Would I care just to sing,
Nor to play on a harp
With a thousand strings.

For as long as just one
Of this little earth band
Is left here, the teacher of life.
I shall ask to return
From that Heavenly land,
To help bear his sorrow and strife,
For some are so weak
Altho others are strong,
It is hard for some always
To know right from wrong,
I ask just to help,
To some soul joy to bring,
Not to join in a chorus,
Not to shout and to sing,
Nor to play on a harp
With a thousand strings.

Ocean of Time

Flow on, flow on, ocean of time,
Just speed the day when cares of earth
Have passed away, and souls are free,
And hearts are filled with joy and mirth.
After I pass the change, called death—
To know eternal life is mine,
I know I'll ask to live again,
To help bear sorrow and earth crime.

But we who dwell here on this earth,
Are not the living, but the dead;
And things we see are not the real—
The violets blue, nor roses red,
'Tis only a reflection of
The real works of His hand;
And when we cross the bridge between
This earth and that fair land.

We then will know as we are known,
For He'll roll back the scroll of life,
And all the thoughts of lives long past
Will then be shown; sorrow and strife
For all mistakes, and faults and fears,
We'll seek permission to return
To make amends, each wrong to right,
For this alone each soul will yearn.

Conscience will be your only Judge—
Conscience will be your only hell,
And life that has been loaned to you,
The only voice you'll need to tell
Of wasted years spent here on earth
In selfishness, no thoughts of love;
Your life will not be satisfied
To stop and rest with those above.

In blazing letters written there
Across each forehead, you will see
A record of each unkind thought;
And all who will, may read of thee,
That you, with plenty, did refuse
To help the poor till tasks were done,
Nor visited them in their distress,
Nor fed, nor clothed their little ones.

The man who slaved that you might feast—
You'll find no rest till you repay,
And justice stands with form erect;
(For justice sits and weeps today).
The scales must balance for each one,
For right is might with those above;
In Heaven or hell you'll find within
Only one law, and that is love.

Flow on, flow on, ocean of time,
Till man will find within his soul,
Forgiveness free, and love and life,
And all are safe within the fold.
For every man is God's own Son—
This God of love no vengeance knows;
His teachers hover ever near
To share our joys and share our woes.

No man who lives upon this earth
Can go before his God and Lord,
And justly claim while living here,
He's earned eternal sweet reward.
No man who ever lived on earth,
So bad but that some good desire
Dwelling within, deserving not,
The tortures of eternal fire.

“The Story the Violin Told”

A bower of roses and soft shaded light,
And a girl who was slender and fair,
A gown that was shimmering silver and white,
And a red rose was caught in her hair.
As gentle and frail as a lily that sways
To the music that soft zephyrs blow,
And close to her heart with the tenderest care
She was holding a violin and bow.

With notes overpow'ring with grandeur sublime,
'Twas the stroke of a great Master's hand;
The vibrations swelling and floating thru space
Seemed to come from a faraway land.
'Twas a great mighty throng that sat listening that
 night
To chords so divine, soft and low,
Did I see two white hands on that small violin
And two hands that were holding the bow?

'Twas a rhythm unknown to the senses of man,
It came from some faraway sphere
Stupendous and mighty 'twas wafted to earth
And caught on the wings of the air.
Alas for the ear that is still unattuned
To the vibrations sent from above,
It misses the joys that God sends to this life
By not hearing His message of love.

Then softer and softer as upward her bow
Soared high on its Heavenly way,
Then throngs of soul spirits descended to earth
With a new light far brighter than day.
Ah! list to the voices in rich harmony,
To my soul color blending within,
Did it come from the Father's great temple above,
Some beautiful soul here to win?

Then the notes trailed away to a soft sweet refrain,
Breathing forth God's own message of love,
As floating and spreading thruout the earth star
Bringing knowledge of life from above.
And the thoughts from each soul reaching out thru
the spheres,
Where contentment and peace reigned supreme,
Were striving to catch the divine spark of Him,
While I sat as one in a dream.

Then a stillness that fell like a blessing on earth,
While the last tender notes filled each soul
With a Heavenly message of truth, hope and love,
'Twas the story the violin told.
I shall tell you why souls that had never been stirred
Were thrilled with desire to be free,
For throngs of God's saints had come down to this
feast,
For an Angel just whispered to me:
"See the old music Master in bright spirit form,
He's returned to your sad earth below,
And is standing so near by the side of the maid,
Controlling her violin and bow."

“To the Happy Young Folks”

Oh! Let the young be happy,
To laugh and dance and sing,
For they are here to brighten up
The winter, like the spring.
Do not expect to hear in Heaven
God's condemnation hurled,
Upon the happy bright young folks
Who's smile lit up the world.

Grow young with those you would condemn
And you'll see truth within,
For when you stop and think it o'er
There's no such thing as sin.
So let your thoughts be happy ones,
The good in each you'll find,
Today you'll start your Heaven
By learning to be kind.

For you are living in the past,
A crude old fashioned way,
All happy young folks you've condemned
To a downward path today.
Why you must be a lonely soul
There is no up nor down,
There's only God's big universe
Just spinning round and round.

The Blind Boy

As I passed on my way
A blind boy I heard play,
The notes of a beautiful song.
And his heart seemed afire
With a strange mad desire,
To give joy to the great passing throng.

And I said to myself,
"What a wonderful life
Has been loaned to a blind boy like you,
Why you never have seen
Just a tiny sunbeam
Nor have looked on the ocean so blue.

"The bloom of the flowers
So brightly for all,
Your poor eyes are never to see.
But you sing your sweet song
To the great passing throng,
And wait for your soul to be free."

Then I saw a sweet smile
On his bright happy face,
And it came from a heart full of joy.
And his song seemed to say
To those passing that way,
Don't pity this happy blind boy.

But look all around you
See others you meet,
With eyes that are brown and are blue.
While seeking for gold
With a poor blinded soul,
To their God they have never been true.

So it isn't the boy
That goes all thru this life,
Without seeing the works of mankind,
That pity be given.
But send thoughts to Heaven
For the dear ones whose soul remains blind.

As I past on my way
I could still hear him play,
The notes of that beautiful song.
A tear filled my eye
For up to the sky,
His notes reached the Infinite throng.

His life is of service
To his fellow man,
No thoughts there, of fear nor of sin.
His face shown so bright
With a Heavenly light,
I am sure it was God within.

“Atonement”

Not always had she borne her part
In sweet submissive grace,
The longing for his big strong arms,
The smile upon his face.

His kiss of love upon her lips,
His heart, his soul, his life.
To be to him a radiant charm,
Companion, Pal, and Wife.

To be the mother of his sons,
To honor and obey.
To make his home a place of rest,
When twilight closed each day.

All these and many more she dreamed,
As days dragged by;—and yet
With one prayer only, in her heart,
“Oh! God let me forget.

“This love for which I’ve prayed each night,
My faith is failing fast.
Oh! Let it be a prayer of thanks
That one more day has past.”

The weariness,—the tired brain,
The dreams of life and play,
Then once more consciousness returns
To start another day.

Any yet some teach that after death
Of punishment they tell
She knew that in this life she'd known
The tortures of a hell.

And then one day she heard a voice,
"Ah! Cease thy restlessness,
And listen to God's messengers
Thou soul of selfishness."

That which you crave shall be withheld,
That which you ever seek,
To help you realize the truth,
To teach you to be meek.

Ah! Father she had been to blame,
She asked that you would fill
Her life with only one dear soul,
Ne'er thought to pray—"Thy Will."

When all the world needs love and truth,
(For love has past some by)
And many weary, faint and weak,
Not just her heart's sad cry.

She found a little cripple lad
Whose life knew naught of joys,
Had never laughed and romped and played
Like other little boys.

And then a child with eyes so blue,
With face so sad and old,
Was fighting hunger all alone,
Half frozen with the cold.

A man so gray and bent with age,
Whose face was good and kind
But seeing naught of God's bright world,
A beggar poor and blind.

And on and on she searched and found,
Those lives in sore distress.
Her prayers had changed, "Oh! God help me,"
To, "Give them happiness."

And then she made a vow to God
That while this life should last,
She'd never fail to serve and help,
Forget her own sad past.

Today a messenger was sent
To give her hope and love,
And this the message that he brought,—
Came from the spheres above.

"You have obtained the truth my child
Be faithful to your vow,
And joy and gladness shall be yours,
We lift the curse—and now

"We guide and keep the one so dear
Your prayers have reached the throne,
And in His time you shall find love
I say you have atoned."

“Little Boy”

(To Billy)

Little boy with eyes so big and brown,
You look so wise each time you frown,
You asked an angel to bring you here
To earth, from out your Heavenly sphere.
For mother's joy you have come so far,
Little boy I wonder who you are?

You seem to know all about it, dear,
Just why you should be living here,
You look as if you really knew
The work that God sent you to do.
Did you ask to return to this sorrowful star,
Little boy I wonder who you are?

And when you grow to be a man,
You'll help spread love thru this sad land,
And help to teach—the world to bless
And plant sweet hope within each breast.
And dear may naught your sweet life mar,
Little boy I wonder who you are?

Don't let the churches, nor dogmas, nor creeds,
Crush out the love this sad earth needs.
Don't let the teachings of high brow schools,
Bind fast and hold in orthodox rules.
Maybe you came from some other star,
Little boy I wonder who you are?

This looks like a great big world to you,
As you greet each one with a smile so true,
But its souls are weary and sad the while,
Little boy continue to smile and smile.
For the world very small, just a tiny star,
Little boy I wonder who you are?

We know you are part of God's great plan,
(Altho mother says, "You are her little man.")
I am sure you are here with a message of love,
And when I shall go to the Father above
 I'll watch from my home on some other star,
 So then little boy I'll know who you are.

My Wish

If a fairy should come to me and say,
From my bountiful list you can have what you may,
Shall it be glory, or power or name,
Shall it be travel or money or fame.
Just yours for the asking, so name your desire,
Which one on my list do you most aspire?

Well little fairy should glory I choose,
'Twould be a selfish wish
And sure I would lose,
All the joy in receiving, if glory I choose.

If power I choose, I might wield the rod,
And in so doing lose the path to God,
So what would I profit if the path I lose?
No it isn't power I choose.

There are so many ways to make a name
And mine might be made along paths of shame,
If I were to choose
For myself a name.

I'll admit that travel has a happy ring,
Perhaps appeals more than anything
But money, Ah, no! I value much less
Than all other gifts with which you would bless.

For 'tis sure when I cross the border line
My bag of gold I'd leave behind,
The years spent in travel would pass away,
And power and glory they'd forget in a day.

Little fairy the gifts to me you've called,
Forgetting the most important of all,
The one I would choose comes from above,
Let me whisper to you, Little Fairy it is Love.

Love for humanity, not one must we lose,
Do you hear Little Fairy, it is Love I choose.

The Hidden Treasure

Here's a very strange story I'll tell you today,
Of a dear little woman, they say strayed away.
She was restless and weary, a gay life she sought—
But she paid very dearly for pleasures she bought.
She roved far and wide and her spirit was sore,
She was always in search for just one pleasure more.
But she had a deep thought in her lonely, sad heart,
But she never could know it till she lived apart,—

From friends and family and from all who knew
The strange, foolish things which she once used
to do.

Then her poor little brain began deeply to think
Of the long wasted years, and how close to the
brink

Of hopeless despair in her failure to live;
She had never a thought for the Father who gave
Her the life and the right just to think for herself:
Then she saw that her thought gift was all she
had left.

She searched in her heart, and there safe from harm
She found this deep thought to be her chief charm—
So out from its hiding place she brought it one day,
And brushed all the dust and the cobwebs away.
And began to look over her little thought store,
And it grew and it grew, and each day there were
more—

There were kind ones and loved ones so true and
so strong,
And she never once found a small thought that
was wrong.

And as thoughts are real things if you sow the seed,
You will reap a full harvest of good thoughts and
deeds.

So you must remember ere the time comes to weep,
That just as we sow our seed, so we shall reap.

Now this little woman "they" say, strayed away,
The Infinite Thought is protecting each day.

Their thoughts will enfold her and keep her from
harm,

And her work will be blessed, for to her strong arm
The power has been given

To think her own thoughts to the door-way of
Heaven.

“The Passing”

The breath has slipped away, the life has sped,
Silent the heart and yet he is not dead.
Cold lies the mortal frame—no sight
Of earthly things, yet filled with light.

Give not way to sorrow nor to anguish keen,
Thou hast been taught on God and Christ to lean,
Have learned the truth and seen the home above
Where the soul is taken by messengers of love.

For a little space each has to learn on earth
How to govern self, progress, and win his own
re-birth.

In that unknown land, by mortal seldom seen,
Bright with love and sunshine's glorious sheen.

Govern then thy sorrow, earth life is but a dream,
Ever changing, restless, seeking for a misty gleam
Of the beacon that Almighty mercy, sends afar,
Drawing home his wonders on your lowly star.

Peace and love shall make thy life secure, sublime,
Messengers of hope, guide thee to a Celestial Clime,
Brush away all anguish, sorrow, bitter tears,
For the Father's love to Heavenly gardens steers.

Make thy Heaven on earth, God knoweth best,
Fulfill thy mission and thou shall be blessed.
Teach the message to thee sent, tho you meet a
frown,
So shall thou win beyond; the “Victor's Crown.”

“Searching”

My heart has been calling
For you all the day,
My ear has been hearing your voice.
My eyes have been searching
Each face that I met,
Not one caused my heart to rejoice.

Are you so far away,
In God's big universe?
Know naught of the ache in my heart?
Can't you send me one message
To strengthen my faith?
I strive dear to fulfill my part.

You who were ready
To comfort and cheer,
And all my earth trials to share.
But miles upon miles
Seem stretching between.
Your silence—as though you don't care.

Can a heart that has loved
Through the eons of time,
Forget even one tender thrill?
Just waft me a kiss
On wings of the air,
Bidding my Soul to be still.

Today all seemed bright
In God's beautiful world,
Each face that I met wore a smile.
And the bird's song was tender
And plaintive and low,
But my heart ached for you all the while.

There is work I must do
Ere I leave the earth star,
It is part of the Creator's plan.
I know I am left here
To help spread the truth,
Through this beautiful glorious land.

And you who have crossed
O'er the bridge they call death,
Surely see from your home up above;
Won't God let you come
For a moment to earth,
Just to tell me once more of your love?

I saw five bright angels
That took you away,
That night when you left me alone,
I called to you then,
But no answer you gave,
Surely dear God I've atoned.

Some day when I've finished
My work here below,
I'll start on this same journey too;
And when God sends his angels
To help bear me o'er,
I know one of them will be you.

Fear

An angel was sent
From a far away sphere,
To me on my own lowly plane
And found in my soul
Lived a burning desire,
To return to the earth once again.

"Ah! come," said the Angel,
And whispered to me,
"Why tears of deep anguish should fall.
Would you kindle the embers
Of a fast dying love,
And their flame once again you'd recall?"

"Would you feed those who hungered,
You'd find by the way.
Would you help cloth some dear little one,
Would you do unto others
With whom you might meet,
As taught by God's own loving Son?"

"If the great universal law
Thus should permit,
Your return to the world once again.
Would you tell me the mission
For which you would go,
Back to earth from your Heavenly plane?"

"Ah! Angel, I know,
Of the hunger and cold,
While the wheels of oppression still grind.
And a wave of great sorrow,
Sweeps over my soul
For the blind are still leading the blind.

"I know the great need
Of a brotherly love,
Without caste without color or creed,
But the work I would do
For humanity there,
Is one of a far greater need.

"And you who have come
From the Father of love,
You ask me the cause of a tear,
I should like to return
Just to help teach the world,
There is no such thing as Fear."

The Right and the Wrong

Who dwells among you
That is able to say
Where the fine line of right shall be drawn?
That separates all
Of the good from the bad—
Who can say what is right and is wrong?

We all have our standard
Of how we should live:
Of what we call right and call wrong.
And mine might be found
To be different from yours,
Like the difference of voice in a song.

And still if we all
Only knew how to use
The one blessed gift of free thought,
The few who are thinking
For most of the world,
Only joy and great blessing have brought.

In a far away land
Where the Druids once lived,
In March on the twenty-fourth day
As the sky became red
With the bright morning Sun,
Their beautiful maidens would slay.

In slaying they thought
They atoned for their sins,
For the year that had just passed away.
Do you think that the men
Of our civilized world
Would stand for such customs today?

Now, some of you know
In the years long ago,
How our Fathers set Sunday apart
As a day that's too good
To be happy and free,
And gloom filled each small childish heart.

To each little girl,
And to every small boy
On Sunday, the day seems most bright,
And the flowers and birds
Join with nature to sing—
Is that wrong, or do you think it right?

And we find the same questions
In this day and time,
Continually coming our way.
For some find the good,
And then some find the bad
In the ones we are facing today.

The world has its faults,
But it always will be
What each of us find in the plan—
So think what a wonderful
World it will be
When love shall rule over the land.

And so, when the question
Of right and of wrong
Shall come in to disturb a bright day,
Just fold up your tent
Like the Arab of old,
And silently steal far away.

And there in the splendor
Of silence with God,
Just you and your heart sing a song;
For how can I say, that
What you do is right?
Can you say what I do is wrong?

Now right can be wrong,
And the wrong can be right—
It lies in the heart of each man.
So you see we completed
The circle again
And are back just where we first began.

“The Desert”

I love the great desert, the sun goes to rest,
With its colors of deep blue and gold
With its mountains of purple, their bright silver crest,
Brings peace to a sad weary soul.

The tall cactus standing like sentinels on guard,
To watch o'er the travelers' night camp,
And the winking and blinking of stars up above
Look like millions of soft fairy lamps.

Then the moon peeping out, just to lend you his glow,
Seems to follow you far on the way;
It all brings you comfort and soothes you to rest,
When lo! Once again it is day.

'Tis rest that the desert has brought to my soul,
And I'll tell you how I learn to know,
That God could be found in this still peaceful place,
For an Angel has just told me so.

Victory

For weeks a battle raged within
Between the wrong and right,
With restless hours, unhappy days,
And long and sleepless nights.

And thinking he possessed the power
Of strong and mighty will;
He boastingly began each day,
Of plans of how he'd fill.

His life so full of charity
Of kindly thought or deed,
That he alone could overcome,
No other help he'd need.

Ah! Woe it is for those who think,
Their own will can suffice
To overcome all selfishness,
All weakness, strife, and vice.

So with a broken heart and life
He knelt one night to pray,
And found that he was saying,
"Dear God, show me Thy way.

"Give me Thy help in all I do,
Teach me the right and wrong,
I know that I am frail and weak;
Oh! God, I would be strong.

"But knowing I am here to learn
To do Thy holy will,
I ask for strength to overcome,
Life's struggles and MY WILL."

The battle fought and weary now
He rests the day is done,
And bows in deep humility
To God—His soul had won.

“Love Eternal”

From distant stars you came
To find the soul for whom you fought,
Passing through the clouds of darkness
Searching the Ethereal sea,
Seeking for that loved one of the ages,
Doubting not the one you sought
Loved you with a love eternal,
Rest you now in sweet serenity.

Float ye two upon life's sea
Fond hearts loving, never fearing,
Though the dark waves seem to threat
Gaze ye undismayed.
Linked in hearts together though a space apart
To thy beacon steering,
From each other never parting,
Trusting, loving, ne'er afraid.

Falter not ye lovers,
From the unremembered ages
Oft thy lives entwined,
Yet oft again love's eyes were blind,
Though memories stirred and hearts ached
To read the hidden pages,
Hoping there the mysteries
Of thy long forgotten lives to find.

Long apart ye two have drifted,
But light comes, in the darkness of distress;
Steer thy earthly bark never doubting
To the haven of thy bliss;
Take thou then thy longed happiness
Twin souls, wanderers from afar,
Lovers twain, receive our kiss.

“Cetra’s Wedding Day”

Unto her King, she gave a vow,
Her lover brave and fair;
To him alone her heart would cleave
Naught else should enter there.

Until the earth and suns and moons
From mortal eye had past,
And God himself should be no more
Her love for him would last.

And so upon her brow was placed
The orange blossom crown,
That mingled with the jewels rare
Her raven tresses bound.

A robe adorned her slender form
Of silver, gold and blue,
But she had eyes for him alone
This lover strong and true.

She stood before a mighty throng
Such solemn words to say,
That would forever bind two hearts
’Twas “Cetra’s” wedding day.

Full many centuries have past
Twelve thousand years ago,
And still two lovers’ hearts are one
And many centuries more

May come and go and suns may fade
And moons grow pale and cold,
But still the pledge she gave to him
In love and truth must hold.

So many times their lives entwined
For love had come to stay,
And when tomorrow's sun shall rise
It's "Cetra's wedding day."

Whispers from Heaven

As if I were dreaming
I heard them all say,
In low whispered voices,
 "She died today."

And I stood near to listen
To words very low
Of friends and of neighbors
 "Who loved her so."

When out from the silence
I was hearing her say,
"Don't grieve my dear child, I've
 Not gone away!

"'Tis a beautiful land—"
Thus her voice sweetly said,
"I shall stay near you always—
There are no dead."

And the sweet, gentle one
With a voice soft and mild
Said, "I shall protect you
 So keep a smile."

Then I leaned o'er her bed,
And she seemed, Oh! so still—
I kissed the sweet lips
And lo! I was thrilled
With the sweetest assurance.
So—I could not cry
For I heard her soft whispers—
 "We do not die!"





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